

# JOVIAL CREW



OR  
*MERRY SAILORS*

T H E  
SAILOR'S JESTER,  
O R

Merry Lad's Companion ;

BEING A DIVERTING, DROLL AND ENTERTAINING

C O L L E C T I O N

O F

Funny Jest,  
Witty Replies,  
Laughing Tales,

|| Strange Adventures,  
Wonderful Histories,  
Dangerous Escapes,

Of the BRAVE TARS of OLD ENGLAND,

From the CAPTAIN to the CABIN BOY,

Being a constant Companion for a Merry Sailor,

Who over a Cann of Grog is telling how he finged the Whiskers  
of a Don, and tripped up the Heels of a Monsieur.

THE WHOLE BEING

A diverting Friend between the Watches.

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*Here fore and aft my Lads enjoy your jest,  
Read in this Book you'll Laugh at will.*

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M D C C I X X V I I I .





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T H E

# SAILOR's JESTER,

O R,  
Merry Lad's Companion.

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**T**HE late counsellor Harwood, of Dublin, who was once remarkable for his humour and bon mots, seeing an officer of the light infantry, with a large plume of feathers upon his cap. If he had but a cork in his tail, said the counsellor, *one might make a shuttlecock of him.*

An alehouse-girl took it into her head to be catechised at church. The parson asked her her name. Lord, Sir, said she, how can you pretend not to know my name, when you come to our house so often, and cry ten times in an evening, *Nan, you whore, bring us another full pot.*

A country curate had a dog whom he was extremely fond of; the poor cur sickened, and died; and his master, in honour to his memory, gave him christian burial. This

came to the bishop's ear, who presently sent for the curate, rattled him to some tune, with menaces of the highest degree, for bringing such a scandal upon the function. My lord, says the curate, if your lordship had but known the understanding of this dog, both living and dying, and especially how charitable an end he made, you would not have grudged him a place in the church yard among his fellow parishioners. How so, says the bishop. Why, my lord, says the curate, when he found he was going to his long home, he sent for a notary, and made his will. There is my poor lord bishop in want, says he, and it is my will to leave him a hundred crowns for a legacy, He charged me to see it performed, and I have it here in a purse ready counted for your lordship. The bishop upon the receipt of the money, and after second thoughts, gave the priest absolution, and found it a very good will, and a very canonical burial.

A merry fellow got into a pulpit, before the parson came and said, Bretheren, in this land of Christendom there are neither scholars enough, gentlemen enough, nor jews enough. One answered him and said, that of all these there were rather too great a plenty than a scarcity. He replied, That if there were scholars enough, so many ignorant dunces would not be benefited. If gentlemen enough, so many plebeians would not be ranked amongst the gentry. And if jews enough, so many christians would not profess usury.

A soldier came in a great fright to Washington, and told him the enemy are very near us ; *then we are very near them too*, said Washington. There was another that came to tell him, that the enemy were so numerous, that one could hardly see the sun for the quantity of their bayonets. To whom he answered very wittily, *will it not be a great pleasure to fight in the shade.*

A Rhetorician at the east end of the town, offered in a sedition to exhort the people of the city to concord; and because he was extraordinary fat, the people fell a laughing as soon as they saw him. But the cunning orator, making their laughter the occasion of his speech, You laugh, said he, at my bigness; I have a wife yet bigger than myself: nevertheless, when we agree, one bed is enough for us both: *but when we are at odds, the whole house is too little to hold us.*

A very pleasant adventure befel Mr. M ———, in his way to Versailles. As he passed by the church gate at Chatou, seeing they were going to begin *vespers*, he alighted out of his coach, and went into the church; but because there was a cope-bearer wanting, by reason of the school-master, who used to bear the cope, was fallen sick an hour before; M ———'s coachman offered to supply his place; so he left his coach before the church, and vespers began. As they were singing on, a fancy took the horses to be gone; they told the coachman of it, who, without minding the cope he had on, ran after them to stop them. They were gone a good way, but however he reached them at last, and got into his seat (still with his cope on) in order to drive back to the church gate. As he came back, my lord cardinal—was going somewhere: he had a coachman, it seems, very simple, who having always heard the Pope called *holy father*, did fancy his men must needs wear such habits as are used in church ceremonies. This coachman seeing the other coming with a cope on, stopt presently, and alighting from his seat, fell on his knees. The cardinal putting his head out of the coach, asked him what he did in that posture? My lord, answered he, I see the Pope's coachman a coming, and I kneel down to receive his benediction. A moment after, the copped coachman, who made haste to come and end vespers, went by, and all the company laughed at the adventure.



A gentleman, who was not remarkable for being ever fond of his wife, hearing her cough a good deal one day, said to a friend, who let drop some pitying expressions, Prithee Tom, never mind her, let her be d— with her cough, *I hope it will carry her to bell in a fortnight.* The lady who was in another room, over-hearing this *affectionate speech*, immediately rushed into the parlour where it was delivered, and advancing to her husband, told him briskly, *that she had too much of his company in this world, to wish to have it in the next.*

Two sailors, one Irish the other English, agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in case of either's being wounded in an action then about to commence. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon-ball; and on his calling to Paddy to carry him to the Doctor, according to their agreement, the other very readily complied; but he had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back, when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, who, through the noise and disturbance common in a sea engagement, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, continued to make the best of his way to the Surgeon. An officer observing him with a headless trunk upon his shoulders, asked him where he was going? To the Doctor, says Paddy. The Doctor! says the officer, *why you blackhead the man has lost his head.* On hearing this he flung the body from his shoulders, and looking at it very attentively, *By my shoul,* says he, *he told me, it was his leg.*

Foote, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimicry, even in his early days, had once got a knack of imitating a late general officer in the shrug of his shoulders, the lisping of his speech, and some other things, for which the General was remarkable, so that it grew a common topic among his acquaintance, who used to say, Come, Sam, let us have the General's company.—A friend at length acquainted the officer of it, who sent for



for Foote ; Sir, says the general, I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and, among the rest, I find I have been the subject of your ridicule. —Oh, Sir, says Foote with great pleasantry, I take all my acquaintances off at times, and what is more particular, I often take myself off. Gad so, says the other, pray let us have a specimen. Foote on this puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and making a short bow, left the room. The officer waited some minutes for his return ; but at length, on enquiry, found he had really *taken himself off*, by leaving the house. The officer was General Blakeney, with whom he was afterwards in the strictest friendship.

It is no secret that the marriage of Mrs. Clive, the celebrated comedian, with the counsellor of that name, was attended with continual jars and squabbles ; which, according to public report, chiefly arose from the shrewish disposition of the lady. In a few months they parted by mutual consent, to the great satisfaction of the hen-pecked Counsellor ; who upon his return, soon after to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, from the Western circuit, finding his washerwoman had pawned some of his linen in his absence, dispatched his footman to engage another person in that capacity, whose honesty might be depended upon. A laundress was soon found, and on her waiting upon Mr. Clive, while his man was counting out the dirty cloaths to her, he made some enquiries, which occasioned the good woman to give him some account of the many respectable people she washed for ; and after mentioning the satisfaction she had given to several Serjeants, Benchers, and other limbs of the law, Sir, says she, I also work for a name-fake of your honour's. A namefake of mine ! says the counsellor. Yes, and please you, says she, and a mighty good sort of a woman too, tho' she be one of the player folks.—Oh ! what you wash for Mrs. Clive the actress, do you ?—Yes, indeed, Sir, and she is one of my best customers too—Is she so, replied the

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Counsellor,

Counsellor. Stop, John ! toss the cloaths back into the closet again. Here, good woman says the counsellor, I am sorry you have had this trouble ; here is half a crown for you ; but you can never wash for me ; *for I will be d — d if ever I suffer m, shirt to be rubb'd against her flift any more as long as I live.*

The mildness of Sir Isaac Newton's temper, through the course of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one instance perhaps more than the following : — Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog which he called Diamond ; and being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that Diamond, had thrown down a lighted candle among some papers ; the nearly finished labour of many years was in flames, and almost consumed to ashes — This loss, as Sir Isaac was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable ; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation, *Oh ! Diamond ! Diamond ! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done !*

A bailiff clapping a man on the shoulder, said, I arrest you, Sir, for a horse (meaning for the money he owed for a horse) why, replied the defendant, thou coxcomb, thou art not certainly such a fool as thou makest thyself ? Pray look upon me again ; what likeness can you see, that you take me for a horse ? Then tripping up his heels, said, However, I'll shew you a horse's trick ; *and after giving him two or three kicks, left him in the kennel and so ran off.*

In a village in Kent, a poor woman fell into a lethargy. Her husband, and those who were about her, believed she was dead ; they covered her over with a piece of linen cloth, as is done to the poor people of that country, and ordered her to be carried to the burying place. In going to church, he who carried her  
went

went near to a thorn hedge, and the prickles of it scratching her, she recovered from her lethargy. Fourteen years after, she died in good earnest (at least it was thought so) as they carried her to the church yard, and came near to a hedge, the husband began to cry lustily, *Keep off the hedge.*

A man having been at very high words with his wife, said in his passion, he would never bed with her again: but not being possessed of two beds, he fixed a board in the middle of that one they had, to make a separation—In this state they continued some time, till one night, as both laid awake, wishing for a reconciliation, but neither caring to make the first advances, the husband chanced to sneeze; upon which his wife kindly said, Heavens bless you my dear;—Do you speak that from your heart? returned he, Indeed I do, answered she, *Well, well, then, said he, take away the board.*

A taylor carrying in a bill to an apothecary, that was his customer, the apothecary was just going to eat a mess of broth for his breakfast, as the taylor came. So the apothecary told him he had no money at present for him, but if he would eat a mess of broth with him he should be welcome; for which the taylor thanked him. So he calls the maid to bring the taylor a mess. —He eats them, and home he goes, and gets into his cutting-room, and began to handle his sheers: but he had not been there past an hour and a half, but he had more occasion to use his bodkin than his sheers. So he calls up his wife, and as the pottage began to work with him, he fell to work her; and having pleased her very well, as well as himself, with a kiss sent her down about her business, till further orders; in half an hour's time he calls her again, and so the third and fourth time; at last she asked him how he came to be so? — With that he informed her, that he asked the apothecary for money, but he told me he had no money, but he would give me a mess of pottage, which has wrought

these wonderful effects upon me. Oh, good husband, said she, it may be the Apothecary wants money. *I prithee, my Cock, if thou lovest thy own dear wife, take all thy money out in broth, for it is of a wonderful operation.*

A young parson lost his way in the forest, and it being very cold and rainy, he happened upon a poor cottage, and desired any lodging or hay loft to lay in, and some fire to dry him. The man told him, he and his wife had but one bed, and if he pleased to lye with them, he should be welcome. The parson thanked him, and kindly accepted of it. In the morning, the man arose to go to market, and meeting with some of his neighbours, he fell a laughing. They asked him what made him so merry about the mouth? Why, says he, *I can but think how shamed the parson will be when he awakes, to find himself left in bed with my wife.*

Plato invited one night to supper Diogenes the Cynic, with some Sicilians his friends, and caused the banquetting room to be adorned, out of respect to those strangers. Diogenes, who was displeased with Plato's neatness, began to trample upon the carpets and other goods; and said brutishly, *I trample upon the pride of Plato.* But Plato answered wisely, *True, Diogenes, but you trample on it out of greater.*

Artaxerxes being routed in a battle, and put to flight, after his baggage and provisions had been plundered, he found himself so pressed with hunger, that he was reduced to eat a piece of barley-bread, and some dry figs. But he found such a relish in them, that he cried out, *O Gods, how many pleasures has plenty deprived me of, to this hour?*

Diogenes being asked, the biting of which beast was most dangerous? answered, If you mean wild beasts, 'tis the slanderer's, if tame ones, the flatterer's.



The Lord Chancellor sitting on the judgment-seat to hear criminal causes, kept always one of his ears stopt, while the accuser was pleading; and being asked the reason. I keep, said he, *the other ear to hear the party accused.*

A French woman made a shew of a piece of work very rich, and well wrought; but an English woman shewing four children, whom she had well brought up, These, said she, *are the works that a virtuous woman ought to value herself upon.*

One day Socrates, having for a long time endured his wife's brawling, went out of his house and sat down before the door, to rid himself of her impertinence.—The woman, enraged to find all her scolding was not able to disturb his tranquility, flung a chamber pot full upon his head. Those that happened to see it, laugh'd heartily at poor Socrates; but that philosopher told them, smiling, *I thought, indeed, that after so much thunder, we should have some rain!*

A Quaker coming to town with his team, was laid hold of, and took before a justice for riding upon the shafts of his cart, and was fined forty shillings. The Quaker, without hesitation threw down two guineas; when the Justice told him, he must have two shillings change. Ay, says the Quaker, but thou hast been at so much trouble, thee mayest keep the two shillings to thyself; *only thou write it down on a bit of paper for my satisfaction*; which the justice accordingly did, and gave a receipt for two guineas, but not upon stamp paper.—The Quaker immediately goes to a neighbouring Justice, shews him the receipt, tells him he had just taken it, and asked, if it was according to law? No, said the Justice, it should have been upon stamp paper.—The Justice was brought before him, and fined in the penalty of five pounds, to the no small mortification of the Justice, and the great laughter of the company present.



A great man said, that as the swallows appear in summer, and disappear in winter ; So false friends croud about a man in his good fortune, but go from him in his adversity.

A Spanish lady, young and beautiful, went to confess to a friar of that country, The Father Confessor, after many questions about the heads of her confession, grew desirous to be acquainted with her, and asked what her name was ? The lady, who had no temptation to gratify his curiosity, answered, *Father, my name is no sin.*

Three men playing together, a mad bull ran into the place where they were : So one hid himself under a bed, another went into a hoghead, and the third under an ass's pack-saddle. Now as they told their friends how they escaped, they all laughed at him who had hid himself under the pack-saddle : But one said, truly he was in the right of it ; *for he had a mind to die with his cloaths on.*

The Hungarians, who had conspired against Sigismundus, having entered his palace with design to kill him, the emperor perceived them, and ran to them with a dagger in his hand : Which of you, said he to them, will be so insolent as to offer me violence ? What have I done that deserves death ? If any one designs to strike me, let him come forward, I will defend myself.—This bold and resolute speech frightened the conspirators to that degree, that they ran away at that very instant.

A painter having promised the finest of all his pictures to a lady, who had no skill in them, she came and told him cunningly, that his house was on fire. The painter cried out presently to his apprentice, *be sure you save such a picture.* By which means she found that this must be the best, and she asked it of him as soon as his trouble

ble was over, and he was satisfied that it was but a false alarm.

One who walked before the Prince of Wales, having pushed a branch of a tree, it flew back, and struck the Prince's eye black and blue, and made it swell. As every one expressed how much they were sensible of his pain, I have no pain, said he, that more sensibly affects me, *than the sorrow and fear of him that hurt me.*

A man who had married an ugly woman, upon account of her great fortune, having one day surprized her with a spark, he told her, Since thou hast one that kisses thee for nothing, *what needest thou have got a husband, at the expence of thy fortune.*

All the teeth of a certain talkative lady being loose, she asked a physician the cause of it, who answered, *It proceeded from the violent shocks she gave them with her tongue.*

A citizen said to a courtier, that he had eased himself of a heavy burthen, by paying a sum of money he owed; and that he could not apprehend how a man could sleep that was deep in debt. And I, answered the courtier, who am in debt over head and ears, do very easily apprehend it; but I cannot imagine how *my creditors can sleep, when they cannot but know, that I shall never pay them.*

A lawyer told his client, his adversary had removed his suit from one court into another; to whom the client replied, Let him remove it to the Devil, if he pleases; *I am sure my attorney for money, will follow it.*

A Dutch merchant in Amsterdam had sold a thousand pounds worth of gloves to some Jews, who not standing to their bargain when they brought their money, would have but half. The Dutch merchant desired a little time to sort them, and told them they should have  
half

half; so he commanded his men to put all the right-handed gloves in one parcel, and the left in another—Then when the Jews came he bid them take their choice; which being done and the money paid, they began to pack up; but perceiving at last they were all for one hand, they were forced to take the rest at the merchant's rate.

A father chid his son for rising late, and gave him an instance of a certain man, who being up betimes found a purse full of gold. The son answered, *he that lost it was up before him.*

Two young men demanded a young woman in marriage, of her father, one of which was rich, the other poor. The father having given her to the last, some of his friends asked him why he did not bestow her on the rich man? Because, says he the rich man has no wit, and so may grow poor; but the other, *who is a wise and sensible man may grow rich.*

A man that had but one eye met early in the morning one that had a crooked back, and said to him, *Friend, you are loaded betimes.* It is early indeed, replied the other, *for you have but one of your windows open.*

Two men riding from Shipton to Burford, and seeing a miller riding softly before them on his sacks, resolved to abuse him; so one went on one side of him, and t'other on the other side, saying; *Miller, now tell us, which art thou, more knave or fool?* Truly, says he, I do not know which I am most, but I guess I am *between both.*

A captain that had a wooden leg booted over, had it shattered to pieces by a cannon bullet; his soldiers crying out, A surgeon! a surgeon! for the captain—No, no, said he, *a carpenter will serve my turn.*

Pogins, the Florentine, tells a merry story, condemning the folly of such, especially mean persons, as spend their time and estates in hunting and hawking—Mr. A——, Physician of Millan, saith he, that cured mad men, had a pit of water in his house, in which he dipt his patients, some up to their knees, some up to the girdle, some to the chin, as they were more or less affected—One of them, that was pretty well recovered, stood by chance before the door; and seeing a gentleman ride by, with a hawk on his fist, and his spaniels after him, would needs know to what use all this preparation served? He made answer, to kill certain fowl; the patient demanded again, What his fowl might be worth which he killed in a year? He replied, nine or ten crowns: and when he urged him further, what his dogs, horses and hawks stood him in? he told him four hundred crown. With that the patient bid him be gone as he lov'd his life, and welfare; for said he, if our master come and finds thee here, he will certainly put thee into his pit amongst the mad men, up to the very chin.

Sixtus V. being made Pope from a Grey Friar, did not change his humour by changing his fortune, but still kept the character of a facetious man, and loved to run over in his mind all the cunning tricks he had played, and the adventures of his first condition. He remembered, amongst other things, that when he was a Friar he had borrowed money of the Superior, or head, of the monastery, of ——, and had not repaid it to him. He therefore enquired about him, and hearing he was still living, he sent him orders to come, and give him an account of his conduct. The good father, who was conscious of no guilt, went to Rome with that tranquility of mind which results from a good conscience. When he was come before the Pope, We are informed, said the Holy Father to him, that you have embezzled some of the monastery money, and therefore have sent for you to have an account of the matter.

Holy Father, answered the Monk, I think myself altogether



together innocent as to that. Consider well, said the Pope, whether you have not indiscreetly lent money to some body, particularly to a certain Grey Friar, who came to you in such a year. The good man having thought upon it a while: 'Tis true, said he, holy father, he was a great knave, who got that money from me upon idle pretences, and a promise he made me of repaying it in a little time—Well, said the Pope, I am that very Friar you speak of; I am willing to return that money according to promise, and advise you at the same time, never to lend any more to men of that coat, who are not all cut out for Popes, to be in a condition to pay you again—The good man being very much surprized to find his Friar in the Person of the Pope, wanted to beg his pardon for calling him knave. Never trouble yourself about it said the Holy Father, that might be true enough at that time; but God has furnished me with means to retrieve my past offences. Thus he dismissed the good monk, having paid him the money he owed him, and giving him great demonstration of favor.

A country Justice invited one day to dinner Edwin, with many other persons; and having a mind to shew his wit, took these aside, and told them. Gentlemen, if you'll be ruled by me, we shall make ourselves merry to-day with Edwin, who you know sets up for a jester, and drolls upon every body. My clerk being sick a bed, so that I have no body to wait on us, I will propose to draw cuts, to see which of us shall go to the cellar to draw the wine, and wait on the rest whilst they were at dinner: and I will contrive it so, that it shall fall to Edwin's lot. Which being thus concluded amongst them, was put into execution accordingly. Edwin smocked the plot, and was resolved to make his host repent it. Down he goes to the cellar to fill the bottles, whilst the others fell too; and being come up again with the bottles, You see gentlemen, said he, how I have performed what I had to do; let us now draw cuts

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*to see which of us shall go down in'to the cellar to stop the bogstee. s I have left running.* Now the justice talked no more of casting lots, and knowing Edwin to be as good as his word, leaves presently his dinner, and runs to the cellar, where he finds his vessels running, and part of his wine spilt, for which he afterwards expostulated with Edwin. You have no reason to complain of me, answered he, since I have punctually complied with the conditions of the play which indeed obliged me to draw the wine and fill the bottles, *but not to stop the Vessels of a host who entertains his guests so scurvily.*

An offender being asked, whether he had committed all the crimes that were laid to his charge ? Answered, I have done yet worse ! Being asked what ? *I suffered myself to be apprehended,* replied he.

Henry IV. going into Madam Gabrielle's chamber, the Duke de Bellegarde, who was in love with her, hid himself under her bed. In the mean time a collation was served up, and the King who had observed the place where that Lord lay hid, threw some sweetmeats that way, saying, *Every body must live.*

Some gentlemen being in a tavern, as they were in the height of their jollity, in came a friend of theirs, whose name was Sampson. Ah ! (said one) we may be now securely merry, fearing neither serjeant nor bailiff : for though a thousand such Philistines should come, here is Sampson, who is able to brain them all ! Sir, replied Sampson, I will boldly venture on so many as you speak of, *provided you will lend me one of your jawbones.*

The Emperor Charles V. having wandered up and down for a good while in a forest, where he had lost his way in hunting, found himself at last near a public house, whether he went to refresh himself. As he came in, he spied four fellows, whose looks forbode him no good ; however, he put a good face upon the matter,  
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sat down and called for something to eat and drink. The fellows, who were lying down and pretended to be asleep, thought fit to awake. I dreamed said one of these ruffians, coming near the Emperor, *that I was taking off your hat* ; and so he took it. For my part, says another, *I dreamed that your great coat would fit me exactly* ; and without any more ado, he fairly stript him of it. The third paid him the same compliment, and stript him of his buff coat. The fourth rogue, with the same good manners, went about to take from off his neck a gold chain, where a whistle was hanging. *Hold* a little, says the Emperor, putting back his hand, before you take this dear whistle from me, give me leave to teach you the virtue of it ; *you must do so*. Then having given a loud whistle, his attendants, who were looking for him, and by chance were got near that house, as soon as they heard the whistle, came in, and were very much surprized to find him in that condition. Why, says the Emperor to them, here is a parcel of fellows who have just now made an end of dreaming whatever they pleased ; *for my part I have a mind to dream too*. Then having paused a while, Well, added he, I have been dreaming that these four rare dreamers were a pack of rogues, *and deserve to be hanged* ; and *I will have my dream out this very minute*. This command was no sooner given but executed, and all the four knaves were, without any more ado, hanged before the door of that nest of thieves. The old saying was verified in the case of these rogues, *That dreams go by contrarieties*.

The following is an anecdote of the vanity and droll circumstance of Mrs. Bellamy—A nobleman who had a horse to run for the plate at York races, was at her house for some days. As his lordship was entitled by his rank to the seat of honour, he of course, during dinner-time, sat at her right hand. But she could not help observing, that his eye was constantly and steadily fixed upon her. She took little notice of it at first, thinking it was occasioned by the attractive power of her charms,  
and

and that good manners would in time induce his Lordship to behave with more decorum. Seeing, however, that her face was still the chief object to which his eye was directed, she grew much disconcerted and abashed. But having, at length recovered from the little prudery she had contracted in Ireland, she complained to Mr. Metham of the rudeness of his friend. He could not avoid smiling whilst she made her complaint; and as a perfect acquittal of his lordship from any design to offend her, he informed her, that the eye which had been always so steadily fixed upon her, and excited her alarms, was only an innocent *glass eye*, and therefore could not convey any improper information? as it was immoveable all day, and rested at night very quietly upon the table. Her vanity received a check by the incident, and she joined in the laugh which it had occasioned.

Mr. Blizard the surgeon, being ill of a fever, several of his profession made interest with the governors of the London, to succeed him in that hospital. Blizard recovering, and meeting sometime after, with one of these Surgeons at a coffee-house, the latter began to apologize for his having solicited, urging that it was no more than what is customary, where an hospital Physician or Surgeon was supposed to be in danger.—Sir, said Blizard, *if you will forgive me living, I will forgive you soliciting.*

Some footmen belonging to a person of quality were once making complaints to him, that his Lordship's steward never allowed them any thing but cheese and radishes for supper. His lordship sent for the steward to him, What! says my lord in a passion, is it true what these men say, *that you give them every night cheese and radishes for supper?* Yes, my Lord, answered the poor man, quaking for fear. Well then, replied their lord, *I command you hence forward to give them cheese one night and radishes the next.*

Two friends, who had not seen one another a great while, meeting by chance, one asked the other how he did. He said he was not very well, and was married since he saw him. This is good news, indeed, says he, Nay, not so much good neither, replies the other, for I have married a shrew: that is bad, said the other. Not so bad neither, said he, for I had two thousand pounds with her: that is well again, said the other. Not so well neither, for I laid it out in sheep, and they died of the rot. That was hard indeed, says his friend, Not so hard neither, says he, for I sold the skins for more money than the sheep cost; that made you amends, says the other. Not so much amends neither, said he, for I laid out my money in a house, and it was burned, That was a great loss indeed. Nay, not so great a loss neither; for my wife was burned in it.

A true and original receipt for composing a modern Love Letter—Take five hundred protestations, half as many vows, three thousand lies, fifty pounds weight of deceit, an equal quantity of nonsense, and treble the whole of flattery: Mix all these ingredients up together, and add thereto half a scruple of sincerity, sweetening it often with the words—angel, goddess, charmer, honey, and the like.—When it is sweetened to your taste, take as much of it at a time as you think proper; fold it up in gilt paper; seal it with the impression of a flaming heart full of wounds; let it be carefully delivered, and it is irresistible.

A country farmer had a very handsome daughter, and a raking young 'squire, who was his landlord, was very much smitten with her; but his pride of birth would not permit him to think of her as a wife. He often called at the old farmer's, and chattered with the girl, but she never gave him an opportunity to explain to her the cause of his frequent visits. However, at last, he thought of a scheme to get her in his power, and enjoy what he wanted. He went to the farmer, and  
telling



telling him he expected a good deal of company to supper that evening, begged the favour of him to let his daughter come and assist his servants; and it would be late before they went away, she might stay all night and lay with one of his maids.

The honest farmer thinking it an honour to have so great a man for his friend, promised she should come. But after he was gone, the old man's mind misgave him that it might be some trick; for the 'squire was well known to be the greatest rake in the country.—He was just thinking how he should get off from his promise, when the 'squire's servant came to his house.

His master had told him to go and fetch the farmer's *lass*, and to take a little nag and side-saddle for her to ride on. The man being deaf, thought he said, the farmer's *ass*, and accordingly came with that message. The farmer, who guessed at the mistake, was highly pleased, as the folly of the man was a good excuse to get off from his agreement, without affronting the 'squire.—But the difficulty was, how they should make the *ass* sit on the side-saddle? For as fast as they lifted her up on one side she fell off on the other. The man was ready to burst with laughing; and the farmer, willing to carry on the jest, fastened her on with cords.

When John came home, it was dark; and his master was in the parlour with two or three gentlemen. John, thinking the 'squire was upon some fun, went in and told him softly, she was come. Well, said the 'squire, speaking low, take her into the little parlour, and make a good fire.—John did as he was ordered, and then going to his master again, asked him what he was to do next; the 'squire bid him tell the cook, to dress a fowl for her supper; and do you hear, said he, let every thing be in order, and let her have a bottle of wine.—John could hardly help laughing in his master's face; but he ran down to the cook. Lord, what do you think Betty? the *ass* must not only ride on a side saddle, and be seated by the fire in the parlour, but she must have a chicken for her supper, and a bottle of wine! Upon  
hearing



hearing this, Betty joined in a laugh with him, till their sides cracked ; but having more wit than he, she proposed to eat the fowl and drink the wine themselves, and tell the 'squire she had supped. This was no sooner agreed to than done ; and John going to his master again, told him she had supped : Very well, said the 'squire, tell Betty to put a clean pair of sheets on the best bed, and wait upon her to bed. John, on hearing this gave a broad grin, and his master, with a smile, bid him go and do as he ordered him—Betty now smelt a rat, and they pleaded themselves to think how their master would be disappointed. But they were ready to die with laughing in making the ass lie in bed, and was obliged at last to lay her on her back, and tied her legs with four halters, to the bed posts. This being done, John went in once more to tell his master, she was in bed. The 'squire now began to yawn, and appear sleepy, which made the company take their leave.

He then went up to the room, where he thought his charmer lay, but would not take a candle ; he felt about the bed, and making many fine speeches, to the ass, wondered he received no answer ; thinking the lady was asleep, he stooped down in order to salute her, and hitting his head against the ass's nose, frightened the creature so, that with struggling, she broke the halters, and jumping off the bed, ran about the room. The 'squire terrified out of his wits, did not know where to run for shelter, for he could not find the door, but every now and then run plump against the ass, who brayed—*a—ha !—a—ha ! a—ha !* The 'squire at length crept under the bed, where he roared out, Betty, John, Betty, John. O, the devil ! the devil !

The servants, who had been without side the door all the while, and had no little diversion when they found he was almost terrified to death, opened the door, and brought a light, desiring to know what was the matter with his honour ! The 'squire no sooner saw what was the cause of his fears, but he fell aboard of poor John. Did I not tell you, rascal, said he, to fetch the farmer's *lass*. John scratched his head, and beginning

ing his honour's pardon, saying he thought he had said his *ast*, and indeed, Sir, added he, you would forgive me it you was to know what trouble I have had in making the poor beast do as you have ordered.

The following incident is a fact, and frequently told by the gentleman himself, with great good humour—A gentleman, who is a constant visitor of Margate, of the name of Veysey, was remarkably fond of fine prospects, and knew every situation for that purpose in the island of Thanet. In his excursions there he used to mount his servant's horse, and ride from the carriage:—and one day being at some distance, a gentleman rode up to him and asked him if he was not a person fond of prospects? 'Yes, answered Veysey. Why then, says the gentleman, at the bottom of this lane is a very fine one indeed; really, says he, why I never knew it before; pray let us ride and see it. On which they rode together; and when they came to the bottom, Old Veysey enquired for the prospect? Here it is, said the gentleman (clapping a pistol to his breast) Your money, sir!—don't you think this a fine prospect? Yes, says Veysey, but a dear one. However, he was obliged to deliver fifty guineas, and a fine gold watch. In consequence of this adventure, he is since known by the name of *Prospect Veysey*.

Mr. Arnold, the celebrated ariel puffer, having promised to go up in a balloon, by night, and on which account it was to be illuminated with lamps: a person observed it was quite proper people that were going *heaven-ward should be enlightened*.

There is now living in one of the old houses at Endfield, an old woman who is known all over the place by the nick name of *Spanky Didale*. This woman, when she was about sixteen years old, was at the house of a merry relation, who amongst other jokes, protested he had teen her steal that very day a boil'd fowl, which so exasperated her, that she made a solemn oath, never  
more

more to eat a bit of fresh meat. This oath she has very punctually observed, by living constantly on no other diet than salt pork, ship beef, &c. by which means she is become to very parched and withered, that she has scarce an ounce of flesh upon her bones.

Mr. Macklin the comedian, going the other day to one of the fire-offices, to insure some property, was asked by the clerk, how he would please to have his name entered? Entered, replied the veteran of the sock, why I am only plain *Charles Macklin, a vagabond by act of parliament*; but in compliment to the times, you set me down Charles Macklin, Esquire, *as they are now synonymous terms.*

A celebrated physician was sent for to a lady who imagined herself very ill; when he came, she complained dimly that she eat too much, slept too sound, and had a very uncommon flow of spirits. Make yourself perfectly easy, madam, said the doctor, only follow my prescriptions, *and you shall soon have no reason to complain of any such thing.*

A dancing master asked one of his friends, if it was true that Harley was Lord High Treasurer? It is, says his friend. That is very amazing, said the dancing master: what merit can the Queen find in that man? I had him two years for a pupil, *and I declare I could never make any thing of him.*

One day, during the last term, as a certain Solicitor of no gentleman like appearance, was passing through Lincoln's-Inn, with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew, with, *Cloves to sell, Sir, old cloves!* The lawyer somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition that Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's Place, snatched a bundle of papers from their damask repository, and replied, No, damn your blood, Sir, *they are all new suits.*

Sir John St. Leger, the Judge Jefferies of Ireland, had been remarkable severe to a number of poor wretches who were brought before him for committing depredations in that country. Paul Liddy was the captain of a banditti, who levied contributions in the part where the Knight lived. Among others, he wrote to Sir John, to inform him, that if he did not deposit a certain sum in the place he mentioned, at such a time, he would set fire to his house, murder him and *ravish* his lady.

Shortly after, by the vigilance of the Knight, the Captain was taken, and closely confined in irons, in the Black Dog prison. Lady St. Leger could not resist the curiosity of seeing a man, who had dared to make such a declaration. She accordingly went to the prison, where she was informed by the beautiful *Monica Gall*, a courtesan whom *Liddy* had married, that he was too much indisposed to see any one. Upon which, her ladyship, with an insolence that reduced her below the level of the unhappy person she addressed, asked her, whether she was the villain's ——— or his wife? — To which the other immediately replied, I have the misfortune to be his wife; *the honour of whose was intended for your ladyship.*

A certain cynic, seeing some magistrates leading to the place of execution a fellow who had stolen some little vessel. *Here are great thieves*, cried he, *that lead a little one to the gallows.*

It chanced that a merchant ship was so violently tossed in a storm at sea, that all, despairing of safety, betook themselves to prayers, saving one mariner, who was ever wishing to see *two stars*. Oh! said he, that I could see two stars, or but one of the two; and of these words he made so frequent a repetition, that disturbing the meditations of the rest, at length one asked him, what two stars or what one star he meant? To whom he replied, *O that I could see the Star in the Old Change, or the star in Coleman-street, I care not which.*



Mr. Sharp, the Surgeon, being sent for to a gentleman who had just receive a slight wound in a rencounter, gave orders to his servant to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaister ; the patient turning a little pale, Lord, Sir, said he, I hope there is no danger ? Yes, indeed is there, answered the surgeon, for if the fellow does not set up a good pair of heels, *the wound will heal before he returns.*

A country clergyman, meeting a neighbour, who never came to church, although an old fellow of above sixty, he gave him some reproof on that account, and asked if he never read at home ? No, replied the clown ; I cannot read. I dare say, said the parson, you do not know who made you ? Not I, in truth, cried the countryman. A little boy coming by at the same time, Who made you, child ? said the parson. God, Sir, answered the boy. Why, look you there, quoth the honest clergyman, are not you ashamed to hear a child of five or six years tell me who made him, when you, that are so old a man cannot ? Ah ! said the countryman, it no wonder that he should remember ; *he was made but the other day ; it is a great while, measter, since I was made.*

A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being summoned as a witness, on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel who was very apt to brow-beat the witnesses, asked, what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened ? The carpenter answered, just four feet, five inches and a half. How came you to be so very exact ? said the counsellor. *Because I expected some such fool would ask me,* answered the witness, and so I measured it.

A hackney coachman who had had a pretty good day, after taking care of the horses, retired to the necessary in the coach-yard, which adjoining to that appropriated to the use of his master's family, and where  
his

his master then happened to be. Our Jehu, not suspecting he had any neighbours, began to divide his earnings in a manner, said to be not uncommon among the brothers of the whip, as follows. A shilling for master, —a shilling for myself; which he continued till he came to an odd six-pence, which puzzled him a good deal, as he was willing to make a fair division. The master overhearing his perplexity, says to him. You may as well let me have that sixpence, John; *because I keep the horses you know.*

During the late contested election at Colchester, the returning officer, who is a miller, receiving many heavy tokens of the mob's displeasure, on account of some decision which they deemed illegal. Not a little agitated on the occasion, he turned round to Mr. Rigby, and said, He hoped to God he was safe in what he had done? O yes, rejoined Mr. R—, *as safe as a thief in a mill.*

The honourable Mr. W — who is remarkable for his talent at extempore verse, not many weeks ago was requested by Lady T—r—c—l, to give her a proof of it. The subject she chose was the ring on her finger—after a moment's pause, he repeated the following stanza, the neatness of which has not an equal.

*Your husband gave to you a ring*

*Set round with jewels rare;*

*You gave to him a better thing,*

*—A ring set round with hair.*

A gentleman who possesses a small estate in Gloucestershire was allured to town by the promises of a courtier, who kept him in constant attendance for a long while to no purpose; at last the gentleman, quite tired out, called upon his pretended friend, and told him, that he had at last got a place. The courtier shook him very heartily by the hand, and told him he was very much rejoiced at the event. But pray, Sir, said he,

where is your place? *In the Gloucester coach*, said he, *Sir, I secured it last night; and you, Sir, have cured me of higher ambition.*

During the late Election for Westminster, divers constables with their watchmen, were set at several places, to hinder the concourse of people from flocking thither without some necessary occasion; amongst others, one gentleman (being somewhat in the garb of a serving-man) was examined what lord he belonged unto? To which he readily replied, *To the Lord, Jehovah!*—Which word being beyond the Constable's understanding, he asked his watchmen, if they knew any such Lord, they replied, *No*; however, the constable being unwilling to give distaste, said, Well, let him pass, notwithstanding, *I believe it to be some Scotch Lord or other.*

A handsome young gentlewoman, of a good family and small fortune, was asked, Why she did not apply to be maid of honour? She answered, *because she could not push for it.*

The celebrated singer, Mr. Bannister, being at a gentleman's seat in the country, on a visit, where, at an inn adjacent, there was held a jovial meeting weekly, of gentlemen farmers and mechanics of the place. On the night appointed, the gentleman takes, in disguise, Mr. Bannister with him, in order to hear a famous blacksmith perform, who had long bore the bell for the best pipe in the country, who unluckily was absent that night: The gentleman in order to have his place in a measure well supplied, begs our Bannister to tune his pipes; which he doing with his usual good humour, so roused and animated an honest hearty miller there, that when done, he flew from his seat, comes round to Bannister in the greatest rapture, and says, *Give me your hand mon, egad you sing almost as well as our blacksmith.*

A taylor's apprentice was sent home with a suit of cloaths to a gentleman, whom the foreman told him always gave a shilling upon those occasions ; and, as that was the foreman's perquisite, charged the boy not to cheat him, by pretending he had not received so much. When the boy arrived at the gentleman's house, and delivered the cloaths, he made him a present of only six-pence—The boy was highly chagrined at this disappointment, imagining the foreman would apprehend he had pocketed half what he had received. He therefore thought of this droll expedient. Sir, says he, to the gentleman who gave him six-pence, I wish you would give me two six pences for a shilling. He readily consented, but when he had given the boy the change, he presented him with the six-pence he had received from him, Why this is only six-pence, (says the gentleman) *You are mistaken, sir, says the boy, it must be a shilling, for our foreman says you always give a shilling.* The gentleman was so well pleased with the archness of the boy, that he gave him half a crown instead of a shilling.

As the late Dean Swift was once upon a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn, where they lodged all night : in the morning the Dean called for his boots ; the servant immediately took them to him ; when the Dean saw them, How is this Tom, says he, my boots are not cleaned ? No, Sir, replied Tom, as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again : Very well, said the Dean, go and get the horses ready. In the mean time the Dean ordered the landlord to let his man have no breakfast. When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready ? Yes, Sir, says the servant, Go bring them out then, said the Dean, I have not had my breakfast yet, Sir, says Tom : *Oh, no matter for that, says the Dean, if you had it you would soon be hungry again.* They mounted and rode off ; as they rode the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket and fell to reading,



a gentleman met them and seeing the doctor reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed by till he met the servant. Who is that gentleman, said he to the servant. It is my master, Sir, said Tom; I know that, you blockhead, said the gentleman, but where are you going? *We are going to Heaven*, Sir, says Tom. How do you know that said the gentleman. *Because I am fasting and my master is praying*, Sir, so I think we are in the right road to that place.

The late Pope, Ganganelli, seeing a young man very intent upon taking off some fine pieces in one of the churches at Rome, sent for him, and desired to know his profession. The youth replied that he had been bred to none, but that his father was a merchant, who had failed and died in Florence. Whatever your father was, said his holiness, I see you are inclined to be a painter, but it is not customary to take off church pieces in the manner you did. The young man now began to excuse himself, but the Pope desired him not to be alarmed, insisted on seeing his piece, and had him instructed in drawing, at his own expence. Some of those about him expressed their wonder at his holiness's generosity to this stranger, and the more so as they said it appeared he was a protestant, from which heresy not a step had been taken to convert him. Ah! said Ganganelli, as a Pope I am bound to commend your pious care: *but as a man I am bound to tell you, that painting is of no religion.*

An Irish gentleman, who had been appointed an ensign in the army, had his regimentals made in a very awkward and bungling manner; and in particular, his sleeves were four or five inches too short. Some friend of his, observed that his cloaths did not fit him at all. How the devil should they, said the honest Hibernian, *for when the taylor took measure of me, he was in London and I was in Dublin.*

A student in one of the Universities sent to another student of his college, to borrow a certain book. I never lend my books out, said the latter, but if the gentleman chuses to come to my chambers he may make use of it as long as he pleases. A few Days after, he that had refused the book, sent to the other to borrow a pair of bellows. I never lend my bellows out, says this other, *but if the gentleman chuses to come to my chambers, he may make use of them as long as he pleases.*

William Penn the quaker, once waiting upon King Charles II. kept on his hat. The King, as a gentle rebuke for his ill manners, put off his own. Friend Charles, said Penn, *Why dost thou not keep thy hat on?* —Friend Penn, replied the King, it is the custom of this place *for no more than one person ever to be covered at a time.*

A formal fellow enquiring for Mr. Owen at his own house, and looking over the hatch, asked an arch boy, in a drawling way, If Mr. O——en was within?—To which the boy merrily relied, N—o.

General Arminger's death being very sudden, and on the night of his nuptials, a Maid of Honour asked Mr. Chace Price the cause of it. Miss, replied the wit, *the general died of a parenthesis.*

Lord Sandwich was one day at Huntingdon races, when a horse by the name of Satan, ran for the plate—Lord Sandwich coming up to a gentleman, said, Sir, my eyes are not very good; which horse is first? I have bet on Satan. Aye, replied the other, you are on the right side; *the Devil is always a friend to your lordship.*

Mrs. Foote, mother of Aristophanes, was of a very whimsical turn of mind, and experienced the caprice of fortune nearly as much as her son. The day she was sent prisoner to the King's Bench, Foot was taken to a

Spunging-house ; when the following laconic letters passed between mother and son. *Dear Sam, I am in prison. Answer, Dear, mother, so am I.*

Notwithstanding Lord Rochester was the most debauched and imprudent nobieman of his time, and tho' he had even exhibited as a mountebank on Tower-hill, yet he had not confidence enough to speak in the House of Peers. One day, making an attempt to speak, he gave a true picture of this *mauvais honte*. Says he, My Lords and Gentlemen, I rise this time—My Lords and Gentlemen, I mean to divide this discourse into four branches—My Lords and Gentlemen, *if ever I attempt to branch in this house again, I'll give you leave to cut me off root and branch for ever.* And he sat down.

A sailor coming across Blackheath one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensued, the tar took the robber, who meeting some people, who persuaded him to bear away with his prize to the justice of the peace at Woolwich, which the tar did; and when the magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said he must take his oath, that he put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit the man: the sailor looking stedfastly at the justice, answered, *He, damn him, he put me in bodily fear! No, nor any that ever lived; therefore, if that is the case, you may let him go—for damn me if I swear to any such a lie.*

Counsellor Bearcroft was employed in Mr. Vanfittart's famous cause. In his address to the Jury, he said, That for brevity's sake, in the course of the trial, he should shorten Mr. Vanfittart's name, and call him Mr. *Van*. When Mr. Vanfittart's examination came on, he begged leave that he might be indulged with the same liberty as the learned counsel, by shortening his name, and he should therefore call him Mr. *Bear*.

In

In November last, a rider to a capital house in Watling Street, being on a journey, was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester, by a single highwayman, who taking him by surprise, robbed him of his purse and pocket-book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. Sir, (said the rider with great presence of mind, I have suffered you to take my property, and you are very welcome to it. It is my master's and the loss cannot do him much harm; but as it will look very cowardly in me to have been robbed without making any defence, I should take it kind of you just to fire a pistol through my hat. With all my heart, (said the highwayman) whereabout will you have the ball?—Here, said the rider, just by the side of the button—The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word; but the moment he fired, the rider knocked him off his horse, and with the assistance of a traveller, who just at that time arrived, lodged the highwayman in Winchester Gaol.

The Marquis of Carmarthen being at Michener's coffee-room at Margate, was much solicited by a poor man to buy some tooth-picks. Well, said the Marquis, what is the price of your toothpicks? A guinea a piece, replied the man. A guinea a piece! said the Marquis, why toothpicks must be very scarce at Margate, surely, by your asking such an exorbitant price? No, replied the man, toothpicks are not scarce here, *but Marquises are.*

Foote was very fond of good eating and drinking, and naturally frequented those tables where the best was to be found. He one day not long before his death, called upon an Alderman in the city (with whom he was intimately acquainted, just at dinner time, when instead of the usual delicacies, he saw only some green peas soup and a neck of mutton; he suffered both to be taken away, and said he would wait for something else. The Alderman could not refrain telling him, that they had an accident in the morning which spoiled the whole dinner.



dinner, and nothing had escaped the catastrophe but these two dishes, for the Kitchen chimney had fallen in. Oh! is it so, said Foote, then John, bring back the mutton, *for I see it is neck or nothing with us.*

A party of gentlemen at the Baptist's Head Coffee-house, one evening lately, made an appointment to set out early the next morning for Cox-Heath Camp; one of them said he was so drowsy in a morning, that he could not wake without being called. An Irish gentleman, one of the party, said, for his part, it was no trouble to him to rise early, for he had been so fortunate as to buy an alarum, *and therefore he had nothing to do but to pull the string; and then he could wake himself at what hour he pleased.*

A rider to a capital house in the city, celebrated for his humour, as very many of his fraternity are, being at Bristol, invited no less than six quakers to sup with him at his quarters; presently after, some of the friends were anxious to hear the rider sing, but being inconsistent with their plan of purity, to request so profane a favor, they went a round about way to work. Friend, said one, *dost not thee sometimes amuse thyself by singing a song?* I do said he. *Then if thou art inclin'd, resumed old broad brim, to amuse thyself after that manner now, we shall not oppose thee.* After repeated solicitations of this kind, he began to amuse himself in that way, and the friends seemed as much amused as he.—It is to be observed, that it was Saturday night, and the clock struck twelve just as he had sung three verses of the song, not famed for its strict accordance with the rules of modesty: the rider paused and said he did not chuse to proceed, as it was Sunday morning. *Thou may'st finish thy song friend,* said one of them, *for I can assure thee that clock goes five minutes too fast.*

In a storm at sea, Mr. Swain, chaplain of the Rutland, asked one of the crew, if he thought there was any danger? O yes, replied the sailor, if it blows as hard as it does

does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock to night. The Chaplain terrified at the expression, cried out, *O God forbid!*

A gentleman being under the hands of a political barber who was shaving his head, the tonfor was giving him an account of the seat of the late war in America, and describing General Provost's situation before Charles Town. The barber growing rather tedious, and talking too much, the gentleman told him, that *he hoped he was not drawing a map of the country on his head with a razor.*

The famous Weston of facetious memory, having borrowed, on note, the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money, took occasion indiscreetly to talk of it in the public coffee-house, which obliged Weston to take notice of it; so that it came to a challenge. Being got into the field, the gentleman a little tender in the point of courage, offered him the note to make it up, to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. But now, said the gentleman, if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded one another. With all my heart, says Weston, *come I'll wound you first*; so drawing his sword, he whipt it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the very tears in his eyes. This done and the wound tied up with a handkerchief; Come, said the gentleman, *Where shall I wound you?*—Weston putting himself in a posture of defence, *Where you can, by G—d, sir.* Well, well, says the other, *I can swear I received this wound of you*; and so marched off contentedly.

On a certain lady's meeting a gentleman whom she had not seen for some time, asked him if he was married? No, madam, replied he. How extremely well and

fresh you look, cried the lady, surely you make use of viper broth ? On the contrary, madam, said the gentleman, the cause I look so well is, that I am not married, and consequently have nothing to do with *vipers*.

When the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Doctor Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day the Doctor coming to see his patient, enquired if he had followed his prescription ? No faith Doctor, said Nash, if I had, I should have broke my neck, *for I threw it out of a two pair of stairs window*.

A highwayman presenting a blunderbuss to a gentleman in his chariot demanded his money, with the usual compliment ; the gentleman readily surrendered his purse containing about sixty guineas, and told the highwayman, that for his own safety, he had better put the robbery upon the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just now taken from him. With all my heart said the highwayman, and gave it the gentleman, who instantly turned the muzzle towards him, and told him, if he did not re-deliver his purse he would shoot him. That you may if you can, replied the highwayman, *for I promise you it is not loaded*, and rode off very coolly with his booty.

A gentleman just married, telling Foote, he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his dear wife. Faith, Sir, says the wit, I see you are no hypocrite, *for she is truly your dear wife*.

At an entertainment given by the heads of the parish to which Charles Bannister was invited, the company, when the glass had gone round a little, began to sing and be merry ; when the clerk of the parish, who sung very agreeably, was so conscious of his merit, that he began to grow very troublesome, and would not suffer any gentleman to sing, except such songs as he thought proper

proper to call for. Hey dey, Mr. Amen, says Charles, this is making too free methinks ; *for though you make the company sing what you please of a Sunday, I can see no reason you should oblige them to do so every day in the week.*

The Prince of Wales having a mind to divert himself *incog.* went to see a bull baiting near Hockley in the Hole. The bull, being true game, gave a great deal of sport, and foiled every dog that attacked him. At last old Towzer, whose owner was a butcher in Clare-Market, and stood close to the Prince, fairly pinned the bull. At which the butcher, in the joy of his heart, gave his Royal Highness a swinging clap on the back, saying, *See there, my Prince, that is my dog, damme but it is.*

A gentleman on his travels called his servant to the side of the post-chaise. Tom, says he, here is a guinea which is too light, and I can get no body to take it, do you see and part with it some how or other on the road. —Yes, Sir, says the footman, I will endeavour — When they came to their inn at night, the gentleman called to his servant to know if he had passed off the guinea ? Yes, Sir, says the man, I did it sily, —Aye ! Tom, says the master, I fancy thou art a sly sort of a fellow ; but tell me how ? Why, Sir, says the footman, the people refused it at breakfast, and so they did where your honour dined ; but as I had a groat to pay at the turnpike, *I whipped him in between the half-pence, and the man put it in his pocket, and never saw it.*

A young gentleman having got his neighbour's maid with child, the master, a grave man, came to expostulate with him about it. Sir, said he, I wonder you could do so ? Prithe where is the wonder, says the other, *if she had got me with child, you might have wondered indeed.*



A gentleman having some company to dinner, one of them cried out, Lord bless me, I have forgot my laced waistcoat ! The master of the house told him there was no need of any apology, for he was very well dressed—You mistake me, replied the guest, I do not mean a gold laced waistcoat, *but my waistcoat with a lace behind.*

Counsellor Dunning, who had got a trick of hemming several times in the course of his speech, once upon a trial concerning a broken-winded horse, told a coachman that he did not know what broken-winded was. Yes, but I do, says the man, *for he cries a hem, hem, just as you do.*

A person who had rendered himself obnoxious in trade, was told of some of his tracks by a merchant on 'Change ; and being a little nettled at his reproaches, said, What, Sir, do you call me a rogue ? No, I do not call you rogue, said the merchant, but I will give you ten guineas, if you find any one here, *who will say you are an honest man.*

An arch barber at a certain borough in the West, where there are but few electors, had art enough to suspend his promise till the voters, by means of bribery, (the old balsam) were so divided, that the casting vote lay in himself. One of the candidates, who was sensible of it, come into his little dirty shop to be shaved, and when the operation was finished, threw into the basin twenty guineas. The next day came the other candidate, who was shaved also, and left thirty. Some days after this, the first returned to solicit the barber's vote, who told him very coldly, that he could not promise. Not promise ! says the gentleman, why, I thought I had been shaved here ! It is true, says the barber, you was, *but another gentleman has been trimmed since that ; however, if you please, I will trim you again, and then I will tell you my mind.*

An

An officer in the English service going on the expedition against the Americans at Bunker's-Hill, gave orders to his taylor to make him a suit of cloaths, and to put within side the lining of his waistcoat, a plate of brass, as a shield from the enemy; which the taylor, through a lucky mistake, placed in the inside of the lining of the breeches; the officer being directly after led on to battle, a precipitate retreat immediately ensued, and being closely pursued by the enemy, endeavoured to make his escape by jumping over a hedge, which one of the enemy perceiving, thrust the bayonet in his tail, as he thought, and pushed him over. The enemy then left him. When he got safe to camp, he could but extol the taylor's conduct, *Who knew where his heart lay better than himself.*

An honest Jack Tar being at a Quaker's meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth speak with great emotion against the ill consequence of given the lie in conversation, and therefore, he advised, when a man was telling a tale, that was not consistent with truth or probability, to cry *twang*, which would not irritate the passion as the lie would. After digressing into the story of the great miracle of five thousand being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. he told them that they were not such loaves as are used now, but were as big as a mountain; at the hearing of which, the tar uttered with a loud voice, *twang*; What, says the Quaker, dost thou think I lie, friend? No, says Jack, but I am thinking *how big the ovens were that baked them.*

A certain nobleman, who used to dangle after Miss Younge, and one night being behind the scenes, standing with his arms folded in the posture of a desponding lover, asked her with a sigh, what was a cure for love? *Your lordship, answered she, is the best cure in the world.*

A young lady of pretty high spirits, who was just entering into the marriage state, told her gallant, that she could never bring herself to say *obey*, and was resolved she would not. When the ceremony was performing, and she was to repeat that word she was for mincing the matter, and cried honour and *bey*. Nay, madam, said the parson, you must say obey; I cannot say you are married if you do not speak the words as the office directs: but still she would only say as she had done; and the parson again reproving her, Let her alone, Doctor, says her husband, let her only say *bey* if she has a mind to it now, *and I will make her cry O at night.*

Two Irishmen coming to London from St. Alban's one of them asked a man that was at work by the side of a road, How many miles it was to London? to which he replied twenty: one of the Irishmen said, we shall not reach London to night; pho, says the other, come along, *it is but ten miles a piece.*

A country fellow subpoenaed for a witness upon a trial on an action for defamation; and being sworn, the judge bade him repeat the very same words he had heard spoken. The fellow was loth to speak, and humm'd. and haw'd for a good space; but being urged by the judge, he at last spoke. My lord, said he, *you are a cuckold.* The judge seeing the people begin to laugh, called to him, and bade him speak to the jury, *there were twelve of them.*

A young fellow in the country, after having an affair with a girl in the neighbourhood, cried, What shall we do, Bess, if you prove with child? *Oh! very well says she, for I am to be married to morrow.*

A worthy old gentleman in the country having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, he

he was greatly surprized on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected; the honest attorney assured him, that there was no article in his bill but what was fair and reasonable. Nay, said the country gentleman, there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and four-pence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way: pray what is the meaning of that, Sir?—Oh! Sir, said he, that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier's *that you sent me for a present out of the country.*

The Emperor of Germany some time since travelling before his retinue, as is his usual way, attended only by a single aid-de-camp, arrived very late at the house of an Englishman, who kept a public house some where in the Austrian Netherlands. The man having his house pretty full, it being fair time, and not knowing who his guests were, appointed them to sleep in an out-house, which he very readily complied with, after drinking a bottle of indifferent wine, and eating a few slices of ham and biscuit. In the morning they paid their bill, which amounted only to three shillings and sixpence English, and rode off. A few hours after, several of his suit came to enquire after him, when the publican understanding whom he had had for his guest, seemed very uneasy. Psha! man, never mind this affair said one of his attendants, Joseph is used to such adventures; he will think no more on it. Aye, that may be, replied the landlord, but by G— I shall never forget the circumstance of having an Emperor in my house, *and letting him off for three and six-pence.*

Counsellor Garrow, of scrutiny memory, soliciting a place in a public line, was offered the post of Solicitor-General to one of the ceded islands, but finding that the profits and emoluments were nothing, and only an honourary post, replied. Why, if I accept that office, instead



instead of being Solicitors General, *I must be General Solicitor, and leg my way to the place.*

A certain pragmatical Banker, who had come from very low origin, was continually boasting of his consequence, one day when he was determined to open his self-importance; and at a public meeting at the London Tavern; says, Why I think Mr.—— you and I have done very well, considering what a little cash we began with; I remember when I came from Yorkshire, I had only one half crown left, which I put in my mouth on Finchley Common, for fear of being robbed; and I think you had not so much. The other piqued at this relation, replied, It is well known I had gold in my pocket.—Gads so, says the other, that is true, *for I remember the parish made only one collection for me, but they went round a second time for you.*

At Hampstead Assembly, some years since, an Irish gentleman, who danced with great spirit, though not perhaps with all the grace of a *Vestris*, was observed by a Maccaroni, in the same country dance, who immediately began mimicking him in the most extravagant manner. The Irishman took no notice for some time, but seeing himself the general object of laughter, he came very deliberately up to the mimic, and asked, Why he presumed to take him off! Me, Sir, says the other, *you mistake the matter it is my natural way of dancing.* Is it, said the Hibernian, seemingly accepting the excuse, well, to be sure, nobody can help what is natural; but hark ye, my friend, be sure you continue in that *na'tural* step all night; for by G—, if you once attempt to make it *artificial*, I will break every bone in your skin—The poor maccaroni was obliged to subscribe to the sentence, to the no small amusement, as well as satisfaction of the whole company.

As a poor man was passing through Smithfield, who could hardly walk, he was stopped by young man, who  
offered

offered to carry him. No, replies the old man *I shall buy an ass to morrow.*

Soon after the appearance of Garrick at the Theatre of Drury Lane, when he, by his astonishing powers, brought a great number to that Theatre, and Mr. Rich, was playing his pantomines at Covent-Garden, to empty benches; the two gentlemen, Mr Garrick and Mr. Rich, met one evening at the Bedford coffee-house; they fell into conversation when Mr. Garrick asked the Covent-Garden manager, How much his house would hold when crouded with company?—Why, master, replies Mr. Rich, in as elegant a compliment as ever was given, I cannot tell, *but if you will come and play Richard for one night, I shall be able to give an account.*

When Lord Howe commanded on the American station, it was a regulation in the fleet, for the marine officers to keep watch with the lieutenants of the navy. His Lordship once remarking at his table, that pursers, surgeons, and even chaplains, might occasionally be employed on that duty. A son of the church, who was present, opposed the doctrine; What! cries his lordship, *cannot you watch as well as pray.*

A new ninety gun ship the Atlas, that was lately launched at Chatham, had at her head the figure of Atlas supporting the globe. By an error of the builder, the globe was placed so high, that part of it was obliged to be cut away before the bowiprit could be fitted in—This part happened to be no other than all North America; and what was more remarkable, the person who was ordered to take the hatchet and slice it off, was an American.

Sir S. G. waiting on Oliver Cromwell, the Protector with an address, and being rather a bulky man, had some difficulty in rising after kissing his Highness's hand, and in the attempt, a pretty loud *crepitus* exploded.

ploded. How, now, cries the protector, do you, Sir in my presence, *dare release prisoners?* No, please your Highness, replies the knight, it was an impudent rascal *that escaped through the postern.*

A few years since Mr. Stevens, who was for many years grave-digger, at St. James's Church, being on an examination in the Court of King's Bench, in a parish suit, Lord Mansfield demanded of him, previous to other questions, his name and profession? Why, and please your honour, said he, my name is Will. Stevens, *and I am a grave digger, at your worship's service.*

An old gentleman, who used to frequent one of the medical coffee-houses in this city, thought he might make so free as to steal an opinion concerning his health; accordingly, he one day took an opportunity of a *tete-a-tete* in one of the boxes, to ask one of the faculty, as a friend, what he should take for such a particular complaint he then laboured under? I will tell you what you should take, replied the Doctor, jeeringly, *I think, Sir, you ought to take advice.*

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name; being informed it was Ruffel. Pray, says the gentleman, is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's? As to our *arms*, your honour, says the porter, I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a damned deal of difference between our *coats.*

A physician went lately to see a sick patient, and was told by the servant that she had just expired. Your Lady may be apparently dead, said the Doctor, yet not actually so. He alighted from his carriage, and went up stairs, where he found his patient actually dead, with the customary fee in the palm of her hand, and taking it. I see, said the Doctor, with much seriousness, *the poor lady expected me; God rest her soul.*

A.

A gentleman at the West end of the town dining at his own house with a friend, on some cold roast mutton, and a couple of rabbits, was accosted after dinner by his servant, in the following manner. Please, Sir, to order the cook to hash the mutton for our dinner, for I cannot eat cold meat. His master bid him not to be impertinent before company, and he should take another opportunity of speaking to him; however, the man persisted in his request, the gentleman turned him out of the room. The next morning the master called him before him, and told him to provide himself with a place. Do you really mean I should leave you then? said the man. Certainly! replied the gentleman. I'll expose you then (quoth the servant) to the whole neighbourhood, how you use us; *a man may make a shift to eat cold meat when out of place (says the fellow) but I am determined my master, whoever he be, shall always provide me with hot dinners.*

A gentleman amusing himself in the gallery of the *Palais*, a place in Paris somewhat like what our Exchanges formerly were, observed while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's there, a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him: the gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of these times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels; upon which the thief for such he was, began to have a design; and the gentleman not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, on purpose to give him an opportunity: the thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice, twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags; the gentleman immediately perceived it, and slyly drawing out of his pocket a pen-knife, which cut like a razor, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. Murder! murder! cries the thief, Robbery! robbery! cries the gentleman, upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, *There are your tags and buttons!* Very well says the gentleman, throwing it back in the like manner, *there is your ear.*



Old Taswell, the comedian, having a dispute in the green room with Mrs. Clive, the actress, Madam, says he, *I have heard of tartars and brimstones, but by G— you are the cream of one, and the flower of the other.*

A fellow, who had picked up a few scraps of the French tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman with *Quelle heure est il Monsieur ?* In French, what is it o'Clock, Sir? To which the gentleman answered *Nescio*. In Latin, I don't know. Damn it, said the fellow, *I did not think it was near so late*; and ran off, as though he had something of consequence to do.

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at ten-pence; upon which the prosecutor cries out, Ten pence! my lord; why the very fashion of it cost me five pounds— Oh! says his Lordship, *we must not hang a man for fashion sake.*

A Scotch Member of Parliament, of great wit and humour, coming to the Marquis of Rockingham's one morning, at the time of the great opposition between him and Lord North, told his lordship that he had some very bad news to acquaint him with. What's the matter? quoth the Marquis. By my troth, quoth he, what I hae to tell ye is very bawd on our feed. Prithee, said the Marquis, do not keep me any longer in suspense; what is it? Don't your lordship ken that Sawney Wedderburn is bought over? That is impossible, says the Marquis, for a stauncher man does not live than honest Sawney; but what makes you think so? Why, and please your lordship, *I saw the other morning a five hundred pound bank note in his hand; and I am sure Sawney never brought that out of his own country.*

At the Grosvenor trial in Westminster-hall, a witness being produced that had an enameled nose; counsellor Dunning thinking to daunt him, said, Now you are  
sworn.

Sworn, what can you say with your copper nose? Why, by the oath I have sworn, *I would not change my copper nose for your brazen face.*

Jemmy Johnson being asked what wine he chiefly chused for his own drinking, answered, *that of other people's*

A fellow hearing the drums beat up for volunteers for France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon lifted himself; returning again, he was asked by his friends, what exploits he had done there? he said, that he had cut off one of the enemies legs; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head: Oh! said he, *you must know that his head was cut off before.*

A French courtier, who was a little suspected of imbecility, one day meeting the poet Berenford, who had often jeered him, Sir, said he, for all your silly jests, my wife was brought to-bed of a boy two days ago.—Faith, replied Berenford, *I never questioned your wife's abilities.*

When Lieutenant O'Brian, who was afterwards called Sky-rocket Jack, was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, and was saved on the carriage of a gun; and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he said, with pleasantry, I hope, Sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, *for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry that I had not time to shift myself.*

In the late war, a sailor and two of his shipmates wanted to go from Portsmouth to Petersfield; when one staying behind, desired the other two to proceed on foot, while he went and hired a horse. When he came to the livery stables, the ostler brought him out a short-backed, light galloway, about fourteen hands high—Zounds, says Jack, this will not do for me? he is too short

short in the back. Oh, Sir, replies the ostler, he is the better for that. Damn him, he will not do, I tell you; *get me a horse with a longer back, for I have two more to take up at the turnpike.*

A fellow courting a wench, she sat so long between his legs, that he fell fast asleep; she rose up and put the churn between his legs. He waking, hugged it, and said, *Well, and how are you now?* thinking the wench was there.

Quin used annually to come to London, to play for Ryan's benefit. He had performed, the season before, the part of Falstaff for the benefit of his old acquaintance Mr. Ryan. This testimony of regard had the desired effect; and the actor profited greatly by the exhibition. His success upon this occasion, induced Ryan to solicit the same favour next year. The application produced an answer from Quin, which whilst it is in the true laconic stile, is rich in meaning; I shall therefore give it verbatim.

I would *play* for you if I could; but will not *whistle* for you. I have willed you a thousand pounds. If you want money you may have it, and save my executors trouble.

James Quin.

The Baron des Adrets, one of the Generals of the Catholics, took, during the wars, a castle belonging to the Protestants, and condemned all the soldiers that had defended it, to leap out at a window of that castle. One of them advanced twice to the brink of the precipice, and still shrunk back. Whereupon the baron told him, Come, take your leap, without any more a-do; for I'll make you suffer greater torments, if you go back a third time. Sir, answered the soldier, since you take the thing to be so easy, *I'll lay any sum you don't do it in four times.*—Which so pleased the Baron, that as cruel as he was, he pardoned the soldier, upon account of this repartee.

When Hull the Comedian, who is well known to have been apologist-general at Covent-Garden theatre for about five and twenty years, took it into his head at the time of the dispute between Kepple and Palliser, to distinguish himself as a *lad of liberty*. On the night when all London was illuminated on Kepple's acquittal, he undertook, not only to light up his tenement in Market-Court, Bow-Street, but treat the populace with *small beer*. They had drank all but one barrel, which out of wantonness, because it was rather stale, they left running. The door was now shut, lest some of the *liberty boys* should take a fancy to the silver spoons. At this they grew clamorous, and bawled out very outrageously for more beer. Hull, as was his custom, thinking it high time he should now make his appearance, popped his red night capped head out of the window, and there was immediately a cry of *bear him, bear him*. When he thus began: Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to tell you, that the spicket is out of the fauset, and the small beer is run about the cellar, *and we humbly hope for your—usual indulgence*.

Foote had the most contemptible opinion of Garrick's literary abilities. He once received an anonymous letter which pointed out to him a French player as an excellent subject for his theatre. This circumstance he mentioned to a nobleman who happened that evening to be behind the scenes, adding that he should be particularly happy to know the author, as it was incomparably well written—for among other traits there were several quotations that spoke a perfect and elegant knowledge of classical reading. Said his lordship, I think I can guess at him. Can you, my lord, said Foote, I wish I could. What do you think of Garrick? Oh no, my lord, answered the wit, I am sure it is not Garrick. Why? returned his lordship. I shall answer, says Foote, like Scrub. *First, I am sure it is not Garrick, because there's Greek in it. Secondly, I am sure it is not Garrick, because there's Latin in it; and thirdly, I am sure it is not Garrick, because there's English in it.*

D

George



George Garrick, being one of Holland's executors, with his usual good nature, for no man possessed more; undertook to manage the funeral in a way suitable to his friend's circumstances, for which purpose he went to Chiswick, and ordered a decent vault, and such other preparations as he thought necessary, Holland's father was a baker. Foote was invited to the funeral, which he certainly attended with unfeigned sorrow; for, exclusive of the real concern for the loss of a convivial companion, whenever he had a serious moment, he felt with very strong susceptibility. While the ceremony was performing, G. Garrick remarked to Foote how happy he was, out of respect to his friend, to see every thing so decently conducted. You see, said he, what a snug family vault we have made here. Family vault, said Foote, with tears trickling down his cheeks—*Damme, if I did think not it had been the family oven.*

A man was examined before Sir John Fielding upon a charge of a high-way robbery, instituted by a gentleman of distinction, who swore positively to every circumstance of the robbery, yet could not identify the person. In the course of the business, the right honourable witness seemed extremely offended that Sir John Fielding should pay the prisoner too much respect, and him, as he thought, too very little—for which discontent he received the following rebuke. I am heartily sorry that you are offended at my softening the rigour of justice with a little humanity. The prisoner is entitled more to my attention than you are—because he is unfortunate. If he should be guilty, the law is severe enough without any exaggeration on my part; but if innocent, how could I excuse myself—by adding insult to misfortune?

Shuter was at dinner one day, in a promiscuous company—and, as soon as the cloth was taken away, one of them got up and entreated, as a particular Favour, he would begin to be commical. God, said Shuter, *I forgot my fool's dress—but however, I'll go and fetch it, if you'll*

*you'll be my substitute, till I return.* The man thought this very comical, and declared he would. Shuter then took his hat and cane—went away, and did not return at all.

At Ipswich, during the race-week, the landlord of one of the principal inns had advertised his beds at a guinea a piece; and fearing on account of the exorbitant demand, that visitors should be induced to take lodgings, he procured, with great cunning and industry, a promise from the other inhabitants that they would ask the same price. What was the consequence? Ipswich is very large, and the strangers naturally said, if we can get lodgings no cheaper at private houses than at inns, we had better be where our horses can be taken care of. Thus, few private lodgings were let, the inns were full, and the landlords laughed at the credulity of their neighbours.

Theo. Cibber, this strange eccentric wag, in company with three other *lon vivans*, made an excursion into the county. Cibber had a false set of teeth—a second a *glass* eye, a third a *cork leg*, but the fourth had nothing particular except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post coach, and while they were going the first stage, after each had made merry with their neighbours infirmity, they agreed, that at every baiting place they would affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast they were all to squint—and as the countrymen stood gaping round, when they first alighted, od rot it, cried one, how that man squints! Why, dom thee, says the second, here be another squinting fellow! The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, and a fourth better than all the rest. In short, language cannot express how admirably they squinted—for they went one degree above the superlative. At dinner, they all appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; and at supper, which was at

the Ship at Dover—each man reassumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, *Cibber* called out to the waiter—Here you fellow! take out my teeth. Teeth, Sir! said the man. Ay, teeth, Sir. Unscrew that wire, and you'll find they'll all come out together. After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed, than second called out, Here you—take out my eye. Lord, Sir, said the waiter, your eye! Yes, my eye. Come here you stupid dog—pull up that eye-lid, and it will come out as easy as possible. This done a third cried out, here you rascal—take off my leg. This he did with less reluctance, being before apprized that it was cork, and also conceived that it would be his last job. He was however mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the poor frightened waiter was surveying with a rueful countenance, the *eye*, *teeth*, and *leg*, laying upon the table; cried out, in a frightful hollow voice, come here, Sir—take off my Head. Turning round, and seeing the man shaking like that of a mandarine upon a chimney piece, he darted out of the room, and, after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all *devils*.

An Italian, whose name is *Grimani*, after he had been in England about a month, happened, as he was strolling about, to find himself near Billingsgate, seeing him a foreigner, he was presently hustled about; and in short, the fish-women and water-men determined to give him what they called a complete blackguarding. *Grimani*, who scarcely understood a word of English, hearing the word *damn* frequently used, was struck as quick as lightening with an idea that he should conquer them with their own weapons. He thought he had nothing to do but to think of a number of names unknown to the mob, and therefore began, damn Cicero, damn Plutarch, damn Aristotle, damn Demosthenes, damn Plato, damn Anaxagoras, damn Scipio, damn Hannibal,  
damn



damn, damn Agamemnon, damn, damn Achilles, and thus he went on with extreme volubility, throwing his muscels, which was a pretty easy thing to do, into the most frightful contortions, till at length one of the mob cried out, *damme, come along Jack, we stand no chance with this fellow, be blackguards ten times better than one of us.*

When Sir Elijah Impey was on his passage from India, he continually kept in the cabin from indisposition, while her ladyship was in very good health and constantly on deck. One fine day she coaxed him out to enjoy a little air, and as he was walking the deck, it having blowed pretty hard the preceding day, a *spark* was playing by the side of the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he called to one of the sailors to tell him what it was. Being asked the question; why don't you know, an please your honour? said the Jack Tar. No, said Elijah, what is the name of it? Why, replied the tar, I don't know what name they know 'em by ashore, but here we call 'em *sea lawyers*.

A foolish stage-struck youth ran away from his friends, and got among a most low and miserable set of strollers. A relation, after a time, discovered him just as he was going on to the stage in *King Richard*; and on reading him a pretty severe lecture on his folly and disobedience, received an answer suitable to all the ridiculous consequence and assumed pomp of a mock monarch. To which he answered; these are fine lofty words but 'tis a great pity, Mr. King Richard, *that you could not afford to buy a bet-er pair of shoes*. The actor looking at his toes, which were staring him in the face, without loos- ing his vivacity, cried out *Shoes, Ob damme, shoes are ibings we Kings don't stand upon.*

Diogene's being asked how he could live in a nasty tub, when he might bask in the favour of a Court, replied, It is true, I am deprived of the smiles of Kings,



but I don't find the sun is more ashamed of my tub than a palace.

A noble commander, because he could not conceal it, was continually boasting of his rise from a private man. His constant expression was, Did you ever see me do so and so when I was a private soldier. One day in the Island of St. Eustatius, as he was reviewing the troops, he took notice of a man in the ranks, who was very dirty. Going up to him—said he, 'How dare you appear in that nasty condition, your shirt's as black as ink! Did you ever see me with such a dirty shirt? no, your honour, answered the man, to be sure, your honour, I never did, but then your honour will please to recollect, that your honour's mother—*was a washer woman.*

In one of the engagements with the French at Cuddalore during the late war, the 101st regiment gave way, and their places was immediately supplied by a battalion of black infantry; a gentleman shortly afterwards in company with colonel Kenedy, then of the Madras Artillery, and conversing on the subject, said, He was surprized that they gave way! and so am I too said the colonel, for they are all *tried* men. How can you make out that? says the gentleman, for they are a new regiment. Oh, by J—s says the colonel, *they were all long since tried at the old Bailey.*

An unfashionable gentleman called on his tailor to pay his bill soon after the receipt of it, but not meeting with him at home, mentioned to his wife, that a pair of silk breeches was charged, which he never ordered. I am always willing to please my husband's customers, and if you will just step into the next room, *I will take off your breeches directly.*

A certain highwayman used to rob on the highway, dressed in the attire of a clergyman, and it was observed by a wit, *he like them collected his tyths.*

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# A COLLECTION

OF EXCELLENT

Epigrams, merry Stories, droll  
Epitaphs, &c. &c.

*Cross Readings.*

**T**HIS Day his m——y will go in state to  
fifteen notorious common prostitutes.  
There was a numerous and brilliant court,  
a down look, and a cast with one eye.  
We hear that his R. H. the Duke of C——  
was bound over for his good behaviour.  
Several changes are talked of at court,  
consisting of 905 tripple bob-majors  
'Tis said that a great opposition is intended :  
—— Pray stop it, and the party.  
Last night a most terrible fire broke out  
and the evening concluded with the utmost festivity.  
At a very great meeting of common council  
the greatest shew of horned cattle this season.  
Yesterday the new lord mayor was sworn in,  
and afterwards tossed and gored several persons.  
Sunday a poor woman was suddenly taken in labour  
the contents whereof have not yet transpired.

Escaped from the New Gaol, Terence O'Dermot,  
 if he will return he will be kindly received.  
 To the public, a caution from the police  
 there is more reason for this caution than good.  
 By order of the commissioners for paving  
 an infalliable remedy for the stone and gravel.  
 To the curious in perukes,  
 the college of physicians will hold their anniversary.  
 One of his majesty's principal secretaries of state  
 fell off the shafts, being asleep, and the wheel went  
 over him.

*A most curious Bill, by a Painter.*

To a new broom and bonnet for the Witch of Endor  
 To repairing Solomon's nose, and making a nail to his  
 middle finger  
 To painting a shoulder of mutton and shins of beef in the  
 mouths of two ravens feeding Elijah.  
 To adding some Scotch cattle to Pharaoh's lean kine  
 To cleansing the whale's belly, varnishing Jonah's face,  
 and mending his left arm  
 To finishing the Tower of Babel, and furnishing most of  
 the figures with new heads  
 To cleansing the Garden of Eden after Adam's expulsion.  
 To cleansing the picture of Sampson, in the character of  
 a fox-hunter, and substituting a whip for a firebrand.  
 To filling up the chink in the Red Sea, and repairing  
 the damages of Pharaoh's host  
 To cleaning six of the apostles, and adding an entire  
 new Judas Iscariot  
 To new varnishing Moses's rod  
 To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard  
 To mending the pitcher of Jacob's daughter  
 To a pair of ears for Balaam, and making a new tongue  
 for his ass.  
 To painting Jezabel in the character of a huntsman,  
 taking a flying leap from the walls of Jerico  
 To making a new head to Holofernes, and cleaning  
 Judith's hands.  
 To a pair of new hands for Daniel in the lions den, and  
 a set of teeth for the lionness

*A Dialogue between a Country Justice, and his Labourer.*

*Justice.* Well, John, I'm glad thou art not so misled  
To join the mob, and break the laws for bread.

*Labourer.* The laws I'll keep, and I will keep my life,  
My children too from starving, and my wife.  
But please your worship, things are now so dear,  
Our scanty wages won't buy bread and beer.

*Justice.* John, men like you, born in an humble  
sphere,  
Should learn to live without such bread and  
beer.

Potatoes might serve you ; and, as I think,  
Water is full as good for you to drink.

*Labourer.* That lace upon your coat, sir, would buy bread  
For me and my poor children, now half dead  
For want of it ; you would be full as warm,  
And you, good sir, might spare it without  
harm.

*Justice.* You saucy slave ! must men of my degree,  
Unlace their coats to purchase bread for thee :  
Was thou not born to labour and to toil,  
And too much feeding would thy labours spoil.

*Labourer.* Your worship talks like any Jew or Turk,  
If we can't eat and drink, how should we work?  
To do much work, don't you well feed your  
beast ;  
And ought not men to feed as well at least ;  
Therefore your worship may, for all your pelf,  
Be your own labourer, and work yourself.

*On stealing the body of a young woman to be anatomized  
from St. Peter's Church Yard, Oxon, 1745.*

For shame, for shame ! Oxonians all,  
And blush to hear it said,  
“ Not pleas'd to steal the girls alive,  
“ But must you steal them dead ? ”

Insatiate nature thus directs,  
Nor is it strange I own ;



That those who love to taste the flesh,  
Should like to pick the bone.

*On the Grave stone of a Blacksmith, buried in Chester  
Church Yard.*

My sledge and hammer lie reclin'd,  
My bellows too have lost their wind ;  
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,  
And in the dust my vice is laid ;  
My coal is spent, my iron's gone,  
My nails are drove, my work is done,  
My fire dry'd corps lies here at rest,  
My foul smoak like, is soaring to be blest.

*On a monument intended to be erected for Mr. Rowe, by his  
widow. Written before Mr. Dryden's was set up  
by Mr. Pope.*

Thy reliques Rowe, to this fair shrine we trust,  
And, sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust.  
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,  
To which thy tomb shall gain enquiring eyes ;  
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest,  
Blest with the genius of thy love too blest ;  
One grateful Woman to thy frame supply'd  
What a whole thankless land to his deny'd.

*The Scotch Weather wife.*

Scotland thy weather's like a modish wife ;  
Thy winds and rains maintain perpetual strife ;  
So tergumant, a while, her thunder hies ;  
And when she can no longer *soll*—she *cries*.

While bunters attending the Archbishop's door,  
Accosted each other with cheat, bitch, and whore,  
I noted the drabs, and considering the place,  
Concluded 'twas plain, that they wanted *his grace*.

*By Dean Swift.*

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,  
 He took to his heels and ran for his life :  
 'Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,  
 And skreen'd him at once from the threw and the rabble ;  
 'Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice :  
 But Tom is a fellow of humour so nice,  
 Too proud to be counsel'd, too wise to take warning,  
 He sent to all three a challenge next morning :  
 He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his life,  
 'Then went home again, and was thrash'd by his wife.

*On a company of bad dancers to good music.*

How ill the motion with the music suits !  
 So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes.

*The Lover's Legacy.*

Unhappy Strephon, dead and cold,  
 His heart was from his bosom rent,  
 Embalm'd and in a box of gold,  
 To his beloved Kitty sent.  
 Some ladies might, perhaps, have fainted,  
 But Kitty smiled upon the bauble ;  
 A pin-cushion, said she, I wanted,  
 Go put it on the dressing-table.

*On a handsome Woman with a fine voice, but very covetous and proud.*

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,  
 They draw both the beasts and their Orpheus along ;  
 But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,  
 That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have dy'd.

*The Cure of Love.*

When, Chloe, I confess my pain,  
 In gentle words you pity shew,  
 But gentle words are all in vain,  
 Such gales my flame but higher blow ;

Ah, Chloe, would you ease the smart  
 Your conqu'ring eyes have keenly made,  
 Yourself upon my bleeding heart,  
 Yourself fair Chloe, must be laid.

Thus for the viper's sting we know,  
 No surer remedy is found,  
 Then to apply the tort'ring foe,  
 And squeeze his venom on the wound.

*Epitaph, on an unknown person.*

Without a name, for ever senseless, dumb,  
 Dust, ashes, nought else, lies within this tomb,  
 Where e'er I liv'd or dy'd it matters not ;  
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;  
 I was, but am not, ask no more of me ;  
 It's all I am, and all that thou must be.

*The disappointed Husband.*

A scolding wife so long a sleep possess'd,  
 Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest.  
 Sable was call'd to hang the room with black ;  
 And all their cheer was sugar rolls and sack.  
 And silence reign'd that ne'er was there before,  
 Two mourning staves stood centry at the door ;  
 The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,  
 They march'd in woeful pomp to Abchurch-Yard ;  
 When see of narrow streets what mischiefs come !  
 The very dead can't pass in quiet home :  
 By some rude jolt, the coffin lid was broke,  
 And madam from her dream of death awoke.  
 Now all was spoil'd : the undertaker's pay,  
 Sour faces, cakes, and wine, quite thrown away.  
 But some years after, when the former scene  
 Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again.  
 The tender husband took especial care,  
 To keep the passage from disturbance clear,  
 Charging the bearers that they tread aright,  
 Nor put his dear in such another fright.

To Chloe. *From* Martial, Book III. Epig. liii, B,  
Mr. Mottley.

Thy eyes and eyebrows I could spare ;  
Nor for thy Nose do I much care ;  
    could dispense too with thy teeth ;  
And with thy lips, and with thy breath,  
And with thy breast, and with thy belly,  
And with that which I won't tell ye ;  
And, to be short—hark, in thy ear.  
Faith I could spare thee All, my dear.

*Epitaph on a talkative old Maid.*

Beneath this silent stone is laid  
A noisy antiquated maid,  
Who, from her cradle, talk'd till death,  
And ne'er before was out of breath.  
Whether she's gone we cannot tell,  
For if she talks not she's in Hell :  
If she's in Heaven she's there unblest ;  
Because she hates a place of rest.

*On the late Sally Salisbury.*

Here flat on her back, but inactive at last,  
    Poor Sally lies under grim death ;  
Thro' the course of her vices she gallop'd so fast,  
    No wonder she's now out of breath.  
To the goal of her pleasure she drove very hard,  
    But was trip'd up e'er half way she run ;  
Tho' every one fancied her life was a yard,  
    Yet it prov'd to be less than a span.

*Wrote on the door of the Angel Inn, on the road to New-  
market, which was kept by two sisters, but just then  
shut up, and the sign taken down.*

Christian and Grace  
Liv'd in this place,  
An Angel kept the door,

But



But Christian's dead,  
The Angel's fled,  
And Grace is turn'd a whore.

*An Epitaph on little Stephen, a noted fiddler in the county  
of Suffolk.*

Stephen and *Time*  
Are now both even ;  
Stephen beat *Time*,  
Now *Time* beats Stephen.

*On a certain Poet.*

Thy Verses are eternal, O my friend !  
For he who reads them, reads them to no end.

*On seeing a Miser at Spring Gardens.*

Music has charms to sooth the savage breast,  
To calm the tyrant, and relieve th'oppress'd :  
But Vauxhall's concert's more attracting pow'r,  
Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at threescore :  
Oh ! strange the effect of music's matchless force,  
'T' attract a shilling from a miser's purse !

*To a Seamstress*

Oh, what bosom but must yield,  
When, like Pallas, you advance,  
With a thimble for your shield,  
And a needle for your lance :  
Fairest of the stitching train,  
Ease my passion by your art ;  
And in pity to my pain,  
Mend the hole that's in my heart.

*A Cure for Love.*

Of two reliefs to cure a love sick mind,  
Flavia prescribes despair : I urge be kind :  
Flavia be kind : The remedy's as sure ;  
'Tis the most pleasant and the quickest cure.

*Epitaph*

*Epitaph on a Wife.*

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,  
But dead as any door-nail—God be thanked.

*On Mary Creswell.*

Underneath this stone lies one,  
Whom many times I've lain upon ;  
I've kiss'd her sitting, standing, lying,  
When she rises again, have at her flying.

*Under the picture of a Beau.*

This vain thing set up for a man,  
But see what fate attends him :  
The powd'ring barber first began,  
The barber-surgeon ends him.

*On a gentleman's drinking the Health of an unkind Mistress.*

Why dost thou wish that she may live,  
Whose living beauties make thee grieve :  
Thou would'st more wisely with her kind  
That she may change her cruel mind ;  
Thy present wish but this can gain,  
That she may live, and thou complain.

*A French gentleman dining with some company on a fast-day,  
called for some bacon and eggs ; the rest were angry and  
reprov'd him for so heinous a sin : Whereupon he wrote the  
following lines extempore, which are here translated.*

*Peut on croire avec l'on s'n  
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere ;  
Ou, que manger un barang  
C'est un secret pour luy plair ?  
En sa gloire envelopé  
Songe i'il tien de nos soupé.*

*In English. By Dean Swift.*

Who can believe with common sense,  
A bacon slice gives God offence!

Or,

Or, how a herring hath a charm  
 Almighty-anger to disarm?  
 Wrapt up in majesty divine,  
 Does he regard on what we dine?

*On an Old Woman with false Hair.*

The golden hair that Gallia wears  
 Is her's : Who wou'd have thought it?  
 She Swears 'tis her's—and true she swears :  
 For I know where she bought it.

*An Epiph.*

Here lies honest Strephon, with Mary his bride,  
 Who merrily liv'd and chearfully dy'd;  
 They laugh'd and they lov'd, and drank while they  
 were able,  
 But now they are forc'd to knock under the table.  
 This marble, which formerly served them to drink on,  
 Now covers their bodies, a sad thing to think on!  
 That do what one can to moisten our clay,  
 'Twill one day be ashes, and moulder away.

*On an ugly old woman in the dark. From Martial.*

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,  
 And heard the tempting syren in thy tongue;  
 What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!  
 But, when the candle enter'd I was cur'd.

*Upon the stealing a pound of Candles.*

Light-finger'd Catch, to keep his hand in ure,  
 Stole any thing; of this you may be sure,  
 That he thinks all his own which once he handles,  
 For practice-sake did steal a pound of candles;  
 Was taken in the fact: Oh, foolish wight!  
 To steal such things as needs must come to light.

*On a very homely Lady, that patch'd much.*

Your homely face, Flippanta, you disguise,  
 With patches, numerous as Argus' eyes;

I own

I own that patching's requisite to you,  
 For more we're pleas'd, if less your face we view;  
 Yet I advise, if my advice you'd ask,  
 Wear but one patch; but be that patch a mask.

*The Dart.*

When'ere I look, I may descry  
 A little face peep thro' that eye;  
 Sure that's the boy who wisely chose  
 His throne among such beams as those,  
 Which, if his quiver chance to fail,  
 May serve for darts to kill witnal.

*On a handsome Idiot. By Mr. Congreve.*

When Less a first I saw so heav'nly fair,  
 With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,  
 I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,  
 As bold as his, who snatch'd celestial fire;  
 But so soon as the beauteous idiot spoke,  
 Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;  
 Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound  
 And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound.

*To a young gentleman who loved to drive hard with a sorry  
 pair of Horses By Mr. Prior.*

Thy nags, the leanest things alive,  
 So very hard thou lov'st to drive,  
 I heard thy anxious coachman say,  
 It cost thee more in whips than hay.

*Epitaph in a Country Church-yard, in Yorkshire.*

Life is an Inn (think man this truth upon)  
 Some only breakfast, and are quickly gone;  
 Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;  
 The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.  
 Large is his debt who lingers out the day;  
 Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.



*On a Letter-Founder at Oxford,*

Under this stone lies honest Syl,  
 Who dy'd—tho' fore against his will ;  
 Yet in his fame he shall survive,  
 Learning shall keep his name alive :  
 For he the parent was of letters,  
 He founded to confound his betters.  
 But what those letters should contain,  
 Did never once disturb his brain.  
 Since, therefore, reader, he is gone,  
 Pray let him not be trod upon.

*Epigram.*

This rain, says Dick, will raise the corn,  
 And every thing to life ;  
 No ! God forbid ! cries Ralph, you know  
 I lately lost my wife.

*An extraordinary specimen of generous economy.*

Frank, who will any friend supply,  
 Lent me ten guineas—come, said I,  
 Give me a pen ; for 'tis but fair  
 You take my note—quoth he, hold there,  
 Jack !—to the cash I've bid adieu ;  
 No need to waste my paper too.

*On Nell Bachelor, a Pye-woman.*

Beneath in the dust, the mouldy old crust  
 Of Nell Bachelor lately was shoven ;  
 Who was skill'd in the arts of pyes, custards, and tarts,  
 And knew every use of the oven.  
 When she liv'd long enough she made her last puff ;  
 A puff by her husband much prais'd ;  
 Now here does she lie, and makes a dirt pye,  
 In hopes that her crust will be rais'd.

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S E L E C T  
N E W and D I V E R T I N G  
R I D D L E S.  
With their EXPLANATIONS.

---

**M**Y master often lies with me,  
His wife I oft enjoy ;  
Yet she's no whore, nor cuckold he,  
And true to both am I.  
My cloaths nor women fit, nor men,  
They're neither coat nor gown :  
Yet oft both men and maidens, when  
They're naked, have them on.  
What's my belly is oft my back,  
And what my feet, my head,  
And tho' I'm up, I have a knack  
Of being still a-bed.

*A Bed.*

I daily breathe, yet have no life,  
And kindle feuds, yet cause not strife.

*A pair of bellows.*

My voice is heard a mile or two,  
I talk so very loud ;  
I speak when lovers cease to woo,  
And when they wear a shroud.

*A Bell.*

I'm

I'm in ev'ry one's way, yet no christian I stop,  
 My four horns ev'ry day,  
 Horizontally play,  
 And my head is nail'd down at the top.

*A Turnstile.*

Ever eating, never cloying,  
 All devouring, all destroying,  
 Never finding full repast.  
 'Till I eat the world at last.

*Fire.*

When storms and tempests do abound,  
 You see me black and most times round,  
 But when the sky's serene and fair.  
 I'm then cock'd up with shape and air.

*A Hat.*

I was to-morrow, but am to-day ;  
 What shall be two days past, my name display.

*Yesterday.*

My head and tail both equal are,  
 My middle slender as a bee ;  
 Whether I stand on head or heel,  
 'Tis all the same to you or me ;  
 But if my head should be cut off,  
 The matter's true, although 'tis strange,  
 My head and body sever'd thus,  
 Immediately to nothing change !

*A Figure of Eight.*

Of a gigantic form I'm made  
 Four arms I have beside ;  
 A mouth I have that's very wide,  
 A belly large I have beside ;  
 A stomach great I mostly have,  
 Tho' mostly feeding yet I crave ;  
 As much I every day devour,  
 As forty men would keep, or more :  
 Yet I sometimes do surfeit take,  
 And nothing eat perhaps a week ;  
 And tho' I often go and move,  
 And night and day about do rove,  
 Yet I am dead, and nothing know,  
 Nor from my first place ever go.

*A windmill.*

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An ingenious COLLECTION of  
C O N U N D R U M S.

---

**W**Hy is a parson's gown like charity ?  
*Because it covers a multitude of sins ?*

Why is a grave-digger like a waterman ?

*Because he handles skulls.*

Why do we buy new shoes ?

*Because no one will give them us.*

Why have elephants teeth been the ruin of many families ?

*Because dice are made of them.*

Why do fantastical ladies admire fops ?

*Because they keep their follies in countenance.*

Why are concave glasses like liars ?

*Because they will magnify.*

Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot ?

*Because it is out of the head.*

What kind of water is most deceitful ?

*Woman's tears.*

Why are the stocks like a paper kite ?

*Because they are raised, lowered, and kept up by wind.*

Why are bishops called overseers ?

*Because they overlook their flock, especially themselves.*

Who was the first man that bore arms ?

*Adam.*



Why is the House of Commons like an account-book ?

*Because there are many cyphers in it.*

Why is a picture like a member of parliament ?

*Because it is a representative.*

Why is money like a whip ?

*Because it makes the mare to go.*

Why is a madman like two men ?

*Because he is one beside himself.*

Why is swearing like an old coat ?

*Because it is a lad ha'it.*

Why is a milkman like a sailor ?

*Because he gets his bread 'y water.*

Why is a lady, when painted, like a pyrate ?

*Because she hangs out false colours.*

Why is a looking glass like experience ?

*Because it lets you see yourself.*

Why is a company of ladies like a ring of bells ?

*Because their clappers go merrily.*

Why is a dancing-master like a cook ?

*Because he cuts capers.*

Why is beauty like a flower ?

*Because it fades.*

Why are the city patriots like a light guinea ?

*Because they want weight.*

Why is Mr. Pitt like a cypher ?

*Because when he stands by himself he is useless.*

Why is King George like a steeple ?

*Because he is the head of the church.*

Why is a talkative fellow like a sheep's head ?

*Because he is all jaw.*

Where should a lady clap her hands, if a man should enter a room when she is quite naked ?

*On the man's eyes.*

Why is a taylor like a sprout ?

*Because he will cabbage.*

Why is a good sermon like a plumb-pudding ?

*Because there are reasons in it.*

Why is a bad pen like a wicked man ?

*Because it wants mending.*

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NEW and ENTERTAINING  
**R E B U S S E S,**  
With their SOLUTIONS.

---

**W**HAT's vulgarly John,  
And a child that is male,  
Will name a fine girl,  
But wonderful frail.

*Miss Jackson.*

The thing the old and sickly fear,  
Will name the girl I love most dear.

*Miss Frost.*

One of the softest things in nature,  
Beareth the name of my dear creature.

*Miss Cotton.*

The pleasure of the sportsman's chace,  
The pledge in matrimonial case,  
With twenty hundred weight beside,  
Name her I wish to make my bride.

*Miss Harrington.*

What's done when we buy, and done when we play,  
Is the name of a lady that's sprightly and gay.

*Miss Selwin*

The mate of a cock, and fore-runner of wheat,  
The grace of a cat, and the house of a hermit,  
Is the name of a man, who was in music compleat.

*Henry Purcell.*

That is a sweet thing, if you could it obtain,  
 Would refresh you, and make you forget ev'ry pain,  
 Restore all your spirits, dispe. all your fears,  
 Your sorrows divert and dry up your tears,  
 If you guess what it is, you will then know the dame,  
 Who, tho' colder than ice, can make all others flame.

*Miss Knap.*

What in man is a grace, and in woman a joke,  
 Or what foreigners swear by, when wrath does provoke ;  
 Or when remov'd is wash'd and clean after,  
 Is the name of a man who has won a lord's daughter.

*Mr. Beard.*

Take the devil's short name, and much more than a  
 yard,

You've the name of a dame I shall ever regard.

*Miss Nickells.*

The greatest noise on Sundays made,  
 Tell us her name in masquerade,  
 Whom I must kiss or be a shade.

*Miss Bell.*

My waistcoat, coat, and breeches too,  
 Expose my charmer's name to view,  
 And ev'ry porter's brawney thigh,  
 Can tell her name as well as I.

*Miss Buttons.*

What's warm to the earth, and in winter oft seen,  
 What we say of a thing that is perfectly clean,  
 Will quickly discover the damsel I mean.

*Miss Snow.*

What death puts us all on, and heirs that are male,  
 Is the name of a girl whose father sold ale.

*Miss Parsons.*

The sea-port of Dublin, and the hero's desire,  
 Is the name of a peer whom all must admire.

*Earl of Chesterfield.*

The thing that all men wish to gain,  
 Will name the girl that's proud and vain.

*Miss Fame.*



